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A P O E T I C A L
E P I S T L E
R. Shakspeare FROM
app Shakespear in Elysium,
T O
Mr. G A R R I C K,
At Drury-Lane THEATRE.

*Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse camæna
Dicitur, & plaustis vexisse poemata Theſpis:
Quæ canerent, agerentque peruncii sæcibus ora.
Post hunc personæ, pallæque repertor honestæ
Æschylus, & modicis instravit pulpita tignis:
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.*

Hor.

To which is added,

A
V I E W
FROM
HEYMON-HILL, near Shrewsbury.
A SOLITUDINARIAN ODE.

*O quid solutis est beatius curis?
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.*

CATULLUS.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. NEWBERRY, in St. Paul's-Church-Yard; and W. OWEN,
near Temple-Bar. M DCC LII

ALPHABETICAL
E P I S T L E
FROM

Shakespeare in English

TO
Mr. GARRICK

At Drury-Lane Theatre.

London, August 17, 1779.
Dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst. in relation to the performance of the play of Hamlet, at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, on the 19th inst. and in answer to inform you that the same has been performed on that day, and will be performed on the 20th inst. at the same Theatre.

To which is added

VOLUME I

Hammond-Hill, near Scarborough.

A. SOLI MEDIANAN O.D.

Omit the name of the author.

Copy sent to the printer.

Before the printer has printed.

Delivered to the printer.



CATALOGUE

L O N D O N

Printed by J. Newbery, in St. Paul's Church-yard, and W. Owen.

Shakelpear in Elysium,

TO

Mr. GARRICK.

THE greatest honours merit can receive,
 Merit, like thine, has paid; in vain the bust,
 The medal'd form in vain, poetic worth
 Commemorate; they only greet the eye
 Of ostentation, or the splendid roof
 Of pomp with idle decoration grace;
 Filling the antiquarian with a train
 Of incoherent, whimsical delight.
 What can avail the sculptor's curious art,
 Embodying rich the animated stone,

B

Though

Though high exalted in the sacred dome,
 Where all our venerable sages sleep,
 Where monarchs, with their poets, lie inurn'd?
 Ah! in these, too evidently glare
 Depravity of taste, enervate praise,
 False tributary fame, and senseless joy.
 What shall we say, thus in Elysium blest,
 Where great Mæonides, and Maro, twine
 The laureat wreath around our poets brows?
 What can we think, to see your ill-tim'd zeal
 Swell up the column, idoliz'd on high;
 While haughty opulence with-holds the hand,
 Where pale necessity, with merit, dwells
 Unnotic'd? far superior is the praise
 To cheer the fighting soul, when genius tempts
 The bounteous hand to rear her languid head,
 And give her spirit loftily to soar
 On those strong pinions, that retarded droop,
 Though moulted for the empyrean sphere.

More grateful is the happy task, by thee
 Pursu'd: for now Britannia sees her stage
 Ennobled rise, and owns her patron shines,
 Conspicuously great, where GARRICK treads.
 The Grecian genius, and the soul of Rome,
 Fly from our presence in these happy shades,
 Abash'd: my strains, they own, superior sound
 To what their Athens, or their Rome, e'er knew,
 When Sophocles, or Seneca, were heard
 To fill their scene; for liberty now mounts,
 Expanded on the wing, to fire each heart
 Of British growth, with ev'ry virtuous thought
 Inspiring each heroic spark, each deed
 That honesty delights in, and each worth
 That fair morality would call her own.
 These are thy labours; gen'rous GARRICK, these
 The noblest trophies SHAKESPEAR can receive.
 The honours Thou hast planted to my name
 Bloom lovely fair; eclipsing all the faint
 Eulogiums lavishly bestow'd in death.

Thou art my living monument; in **THEE**
 I see the best inscription that my soul
 Could wish: perish, vain pageantry, despis'd!
SHAKESPEAR revives! in **GABRIEL** breathes again!

The muse delights in freedom, and abhors
 The servile reign: forth from **Ilissus'** wave
 She fled, when democratic pow'r was lost,
 And the proud nobles, with oppressive hand,
 Exil'd chaste truth from the Athenian stage.
Tiber next heard her voice, when **Livius** sung,
 Or bold **Pacuvius**, with excursive wit,
 Tax'd, ev'n the consuls, with the vice of Rome:
 Nor fail'd **Cecilius** to display his art;
 While **Plautus** more obscenely lash'd the age.
 Then Britain was a land but faintly known,
 Or disregarded: oh! heav'n-savour'd friends,
 Blest be the happy day, when Britain heard
 The muses' chorus, as in solemn flight
 They reach'd her shore; and, with melodious strains,

Greeted the virgin-emprefs of the sea ;
 Beneath whose kind protection here they came
 To shun the rage of superstitious zeal ;
 Of haughty ignorance, in learning's garb
 Most impiously deck'd ; and to avoid
 The monkish dissonance, where genius scorn'd
 The mangled figures of the Gothic age.

In great Eliza's reign, rude was our stage,
 Our language unrefin'd, and the faint muse
 Too slowly mov'd her fingers o'er the lyre.
 But then stood Essex forth ; his noble friend,
 My gen'rous patron, like Mæcenas shone ; 80
 The all-accomplish'd Sidney, like a star
 Gilded our hemisphere with glorious light ;
 And Raleigh, rich with ev'ry virtue, rose
 Superior to the greatest sons of Rome,
 Who thus were rival'd both in arms and arts.
 Like the mean glow-worm, in the blaze of day,
 I, undiscover'd, lowly crept along ;

But on misfortune drew her sable veil;
 And then, refulgent, sparkling thro' the gloom,
 My rays appear'd, illuming all the scene. 90
 In manly numbers, my transported soul
 Seem'd consecrated to the noble call
 Of freedom: British honour was my theme;
 Virtue my guide; and that felicity
 Which waits on moral worth, my glorious aim.
 Like fame, perfection cannot be attain'd
 With hasty step; it blazes not at once,
 As the fair rising sun, full to our view;
 But, like a beacon, on the mountain's top,
 Is seen to cast its glimm'ring rays afar: 100
 Like a coy virgin she eludes embrace,
 And only flies to make her conquest dear.
 Therefore, tho' conscious of the erring times,
 And that fallacious taste, beneath whose eye
 Sprung up the barb'rous mime, that sham'd the toil
 Of Genius, with her regulated plan;
 I, in conformity to please the age,

Gave wit an awkward garb; made truth appear
 A dowdy dame, unknown to Greece or Rome;
 But, for the nobler few, I rang'd the round
 Of Helicon, and gather'd ev'ry flow'r
 That grew delectable to sense; through all
 The wilds of fancy, ev'ry pow'rful charm,
 Each pleasing form of art, I stretch'd the wing,
 And made the muse's magic all my own.
 Where liberty assum'd her noble form,
 Or martial glory took her gallant stride,
 I fir'd the heart to similar attempts:
 Shew'd civil discord, with her bloody scourge,
 Howling accurst o'er sord'ring England's plains,
 Drench'd with the blood that so profusely stream'd
 Round the contending roses of our isle.
 Terror new pow'r collected in my verse;
 Or pity look'd more lovely as it flow'd.
 For 'twas my glorious wish, to see our stage
 In lustre shine, all regularly fair;
 And that dear wish accomplish'd, now, in Thee,
 Oh!

Oh! happy GARRICK! gives thy SHAKESPEAR joy.

Merit is like a tender plant, and waits

The vivifying ray to call it forth: 130

But long, too long, thick intercepting clouds

Restrain'd the beams, whose influencing pow'r

Had search'd the mine of nature, and reveal'd

Each latent gem beneath the crusted ore.

True genius shuns the vulgar path to fame,

And, like an eagle, boldly eyes the sun;

While screech-owls lurk in the cymmerian gloom: 140

So GARRICK, gen'rous patron of the stage,

Hast thou adventur'd to secure its fame,

By giving merit all her hope to shine; 140

While others have deprest her longing flight.

Why should I praise Thee, when a world admires?

Each nervous line, each sentiment, each thought

Of mine, how happily hast Thou improv'd?

But know, much honour'd man, my hov'ring shade

Off' waits Thee; and, with inspiration strong,

Pours on thy senses an enraptur'd flow
 Of eloquence, vivacity, and force :
 Impell'd by me, thy rushing soul appears
 All-beauteous through thy glowing orbs of sight. 150
 And, fir'd by me, invigorated moves
 Each nerve, that speaks the language of the heart.

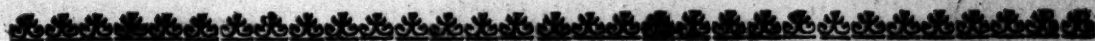
Say, didst thou never feel an impulse soft
 Come thrilling to thy breast ? or, mounted high,
 Bear the brisk current of thy blood along, 155
 In all the sweet rapidity of joy ?
 Then was thy kindred soul imprest by mine,
 And on her ductile form receiv'd the stamp
 Of similarity : thus flows the tide
 In correspondence to the lunar queen. 160

ENGLAND, thy language, gracefully refin'd,
 Vies with the Grecian or the Roman tongue,
 And from the stage this rich improvement came.
 How feebly elocution moves the soul,

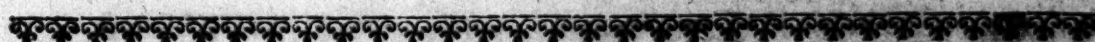
In the stiff phrase that some voluptuous droll
 Of fat theology pedantic growls?
 How insufficient at the wrangling bar,
 Does soft persuasion, or convincing truth,
 Appear; where language has no florid force,
 When YOUNG, or MURRAY, their orations cease?
 Oh! happy GARRICK, be it then thy care
 To foster language, as a tender child;
 For eloquence, now banish'd from the schools,
 Seeks, and receives, protection from the stage.

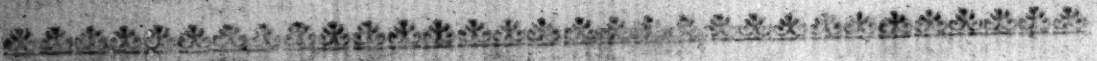
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A



A
V I E W
FROM
Heymon = Hill,
NEAR
S H R E W S B U R Y.
A SOLITUDINARIAN ODE.





V I E W

FROM

THE TEMPLE

NEAR

S H R E W S B U R K

A SOLITUDINARIAN ODE.



A
V I E W
FROM
Heymon = Hill,
NEAR
S H R E W S B U R Y.
A SOLITUDINARIAN ODE.

*O quid solutis est beatius curis?
Cum mens onus reponit, ac perigrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.*

CATULLUS.

I.

AWFUL regent of the grove,
SOLITUDE! with thee I'd rove:
Lead me to the mossy cell;
There, with SILENCE, let me dwell:

E

No

No linnet here should shake the spray,

The sweet lark be scar'd away :

But moaning on the blasted bough,

The lone quise forgets to coo :

And the charming nightingale,

Darkling, whistles her sad tale ;

While the owl takes her flight,

Shrieking to the gloom of night.

Here let no busy steps intrude ;

These are thy joys, sweet SOLITUDE!

II.

Where rough HEYMON'S limits run,

To the south or western sun,

Early as the breath of day,

Let me up the furze-hill stray.

Hark ! the cock, with clarion strong,

Wakes the lusty village throng.

From the top what prospects rise,

Where yon eastward valley lies ?

With

With flocks, and herds, the fields are full.

Surlily roaring, hear the bull.

His beauteous heifer woo : or see

The lambkins gambol o'er the lee.

While, gazing here, no peasant rude

Interrupts thee, SOLITUDE!

28

III.

Down in yonder verdant mead,

Where the pied cowslip rears its head ;

Where the lady-flow'r is seen,

In vestal habit on the green ;

Or, close beside the chrystal rill,

Dwells the golden daffodil :

There the lads, and lasses, play

The merry gambols of the May :

There the hawthorn wreath I've bound ;

NANCY, there, I've fondly crown'd,

With

With all the verdure of the field,
 All the hedge or grove cou'd yield.
 But not with inclination lewd,
 I swear, to thee, sweet SOLITUDE! 42

IV.

Oft, where spreads yon' level lawn,
 Have I chas'd the tim'rous fawn,
 Just escap'd the mountain wood,
 For the meadow's purer food;
 Or, with my little comrade train,
 Drove the lev'ret o'er the plain.
 As I've climb'd the broad-spread oak,
 The squirrel has his nest forsook;
 Mascal'd on the highest spray,
 Oft' has fell my senseless prey.
 Cackling geese to covert drove,
 When displumag'd in the grove,
 With boyish stealth did I obtrude
 On thy retreat, sweet SOLITUDE!

V.

Young and thoughtless then was I;
 Full of rampant jollity;
 Florid as the vernal morn
 Did rosy health my cheek adorn;
 Young, activity was seen
 To brace each nerve; swell the wild vein
 Of jocund youth, and sportive joy:
 A very rude and simple boy.
 Then thy T---p was giddy too;
 Alike of laughter's motley crew.
 NANCY, now discretion's child,
 Then, like me, was gay and wild.
 But never can those days, renew'd,
 Extirpate thee, sweet SOLITUDE!

VI.

Pale-ey'd care, and study wan,
 Now morosely mark the man;

Mirth, and all its jovial throng,
 Cannot prompt the festive song:
 Temperance, with aspect smooth;
 Content, that never fails to sooth
 The tumult of the sickly soul,
 Make Silenus spill his bowl.
 While matron-rob'd philosophy,
 Heav'n-wards casts her sober eye;
 And star-crown'd contemplation views
 Each labyrinth the mind pursues.
 Fit companions these, if woo'd,
 For thy arms, sweet SOLITUDE!

VII.

Away reflection! let my eye
 Trace the fair variety
 This delightful prospect yields,
 Of rivers, vallies, woods, and fields.
 Rolling swift her silver wave,
 Or in Meanders, loth to leave

The flow'ry margin of the stream,
 See, SABRINA, beauteous dame!
 Wantonly winding round her maze;
 Pleas'd on this lov'd soil to gaze;
 Pleas'd to hear the bleating cries;
 Pleas'd to see such harvests rise.
 Thro' these walks, in morn bedew'd,
 Lead me, lead me, SOLITUDE!

98

VIII.

Thoughtless, whistling on his way,
 Or singing out some rustic lay,
 How very pleasant 'tis to hear,
 The ploughman, goading up the steer?
 Hollawing her full udder'd cows,
 Hark the milk-maid, blythe and blowze;
 Or chaunting some old ballad-tale,
 As her fingers fill the pail;
 Or see her brighten with a smile,
 When her lover leaps the stile,

Eagerly

Eagerly to give his lass

A green-gown on the clover grass.

Happy season, well pursu'd;

Season fit for Solitude.

IX.

With his oar in his hand,

The fisher takes his silent stand;

Fond of all the scaly brood,

He cheats the tenants of the flood;

The sampan, gudgeon, roach, and dace

All fall to his insidious snare.

But when the coracles divide,

Sweeping each the broad'ning tide,

Down to Atcham's verdant mead;

Then the salmon, or the shad,

Struggling up the stream, beset,

And captivated, load the net.

Hands in blood so oft imbrued,

Suit not thee, sweet Solitude.

X.

See yon' spires superbly rise,
 As if assailants of the skies :
 These, SALOPIA, are thy fame ;
 Dear SALOPIA, pleasing name,
 Hail to thee, maternal town !
 Hear thy fond, thy duteous son !
 Oh ! could my verse transcendent stream,
 Sweet and noble as the theme
 Whilome great Pope was heard to sing,
 When Windsor felt his dulcet string ;
 Thy QUARRY, as in beauty gay,
 Alike should fire, and fill the lay.
 Here, from faction's voice seclude,
 Could I woo thee, SOLITUDE.

140

XL

Virgins here of heav'nly mien,
 Fit to wait on Paphos' queen ;

G

Or

Or to hold chaste Dian's bow :
 Or with Pallas skill to show ;
 Catch th' unwary trav'ler's eye ;
 Make him deep for beauty sigh.
 Come, ye fair ones, come, advance ;
 Let us form the sprightly dance :
 Hence gorgon-party shun the day ;
 Hence, to baleful Styx away !
 None but friends of social soul,
 Shall partake the genial bowl :
 Faction, busy to delude,
 Flies from thee, sweet SOLITUDE.

154

XII.

But see yon antiquated fane,
 Sunk in ruins on the plain ;
 Here Monmouth Harry fledg'd his sword
 On the young Northumbrian lord ;

Where

Where havoc mid the legions flew,
 And thrice twenty thousand flew,
 Oft is seen the martial spoil,
 As the peasant tills the soil,
 O'er the long neglected heath,
 Furrowing up this field of death;
 Rusty helmets, swords, and spears,
 Shew the dread of rebel wars.
 Scenes like these, so foul, so feud,
 Shun the reign of SOLITUDE. 168

XII.

But, nearer still, confine the eye,
 Where HEYMON'S holy ruins lie:
 Where the cloister'd pile arose,
 Now the shagged bramble grows;
 Where the monks their vigils kept,
 Toads and adders now have crept;

Where have you mind; him cover
 Brouze along the ivy'd tower;
 And the screech-owl nightly screams,
 As the moon displays her beams;
 While the village-boy, or maid,
 Shun the awful gloomy shade;
 But, whenever kindly fads, shrouds, helmets, words,
 Here I'll wait thee, Solitude.

XIV.

Fit for meditation's walk,
 Here, with wisdom, let me talk,
 As pale Cynthia casts her eyes
 Where Endymion sleeping lies;
 Self-communing, let me stray
 O'er the solitary way;
 By elves and goblins' aid
 Or the love-lorn virgin's shade;

(29)

Yon moss-edg'd dingle said to tread,
Or gliding wan along the mead :
A nobler theme my soul employs,
Heav'n, and its eternal joys.
Thus the soul, with grace endu'd,
Fits thy presence, SOLITUDE !

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11 7 49

The E N D.



You mole-edg'd dingle laid to tread,
 Or gliding wan along the mead :
 A nobler theme my soul employs,
 Heaven, and its eternal joys.
 Thus the soul, with grace endued,
 Fits thy presence, solitude !

The END.

